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ROOSEVELT THE DESERTER AND QUITTER.

Sometime ago, according to the New York World, Mr. Roosevelt said, in a letter to a friend in Michigan, "It is not I who deserted the Progressive party; it was the Progressive party who deserted us." Again, as usual, it is a question with him as to who is the liar. Did Mr. Roosevelt desert and quit or did his party bolt and kick him and desert? It is history now, that the Progressive convention at Chicago did its best to have the Republicans nominate the waiting Colonel. They failed, and the Progressives stuck to him to the last ditch, would have no one else, and nominated him by acclamation. It required several days for the conscientious (?) Big Noise to decide whether or not he would desert and quit, and he did, leaving his loyal admirers without a leader, sunk in his tent at Oyster Bay, dreaming dreams of an alliance with his old enemies, whom he swore he would never go back to. And it required more than thirty days for him to discover that "it is the Progressive party who has deserted us." Spirit and shade of Ananias! This arch deserter and notorious quitter tries to so worm out, and worm in by making his loyal followers, who displayed more bravery and loyalty than good sense, all the time, the cause of the wreck!

Bosh! Piffle!

"IS MR. HUGHES ANOTHER MR. TAFT?"

Some one asks the above question. The answer is easy. They are not at all the same or alike in any way. Mr. Taft tips the scales in the neighborhood of 300 pounds; Mr. Hughes at about 175.

Mr. Taft has a broad, genial, kindly smile on his face, and a merry twinkle in his eye. Mr. Hughes looks as solemn and funereal as possible. Mr. Taft is smooth shaven and clean of face. Mr. Hughes has a regular, old fashioned set of whiskers, parted on the center of his chin, and mustache parted same, admitting of the possibility of drinking buttermilk, perhaps, without mussing himself all up. In these respects the two men are totally unlike, but here the dissimilarity ceases, except that, religiously, one, Mr. Hughes, is a Baptist and Mr. Taft an Unitarian.

Politically, they are identical, or nearly so. They are both reactionaries—standpat Republicans. They each stand for the same principles and laws which wrecked the Republican party some years ago, and which gave rise to the Progressive party, so called, under the leadership of Mr. Roosevelt, and under whose leadership, or failure of leadership, has alike been wrecked and its leader along with it. Mr. Hughes is another Mr. Taft in politics. They both blow through the same quill and toot the same horn, and are destined to the same fate.

"WHAT WOULD YOU DO DIFFERENTLY?"

"How would you run things better than President Wilson has done?" Up to this good hour Mr. Hughes has declined to take any notice of the questions above quoted, which were put to him by Mr. Mack, Democratic committeeman from New York. Mr. Hughes, in his telegram of acceptance of the nomination for the Presidency, took occasion to criticize very sharply Mr. Wilson's policies, whereupon Mr. Mack fired the two significant questions quoted above, which questions, it is supposed, Mr. Hughes will answer at his leisure. The public will be interested in the reply, when it comes, if it ever comes. It requires but small acumen to criticize and find fault, but it is quite another thing to say just what should have been done.

FEAR OF LIGHTNING.

Many people are nervous and unhappy during thunder storms. They are miserable until the storm has passed, for fear of being struck. As a matter of fact, comparatively few people are killed by lightning. We read only occasionally of an occurrence. It is, therefore, entirely unnecessary to entertain dread and become nervous, for fear of being killed by lightning. If any precautions are taken, remember, not to sit or stand under or near a tree, or a wire fence during a storm. Feathers are fine non-conductors, and some nervous people get on the feather-bed mattress and remain during the storm. It may be consoling, perhaps, to remember that death by electricity is the quickest possible and absolutely painless, and some people would prefer this to a long illness. The important thing is to be prepared for death which is certainly coming to us all, and if we are prepared it makes little odds how or by what means we pass out.

THEY USE TO BE ON THE LAND.

Among other calamities brought upon the country by the Democratic administration, was the man-eating sharks which have appeared on the Eastern coasts, and the Republican party will not overlook to so charge. However, these man-eating sharks are being hunted down and destroyed as rapidly as possible. And this is a reminder that during the "golden days" of old-time Republicanism, the Eastern sharks were all on land, and in Wall street, chiefly, where they disported themselves with no one to molest or make them afraid.

INFANTILE PARALYSIS.

This scourge, which has killed about 350 children in New York recently, seems to have been confined to that city and vicinity chiefly. There are sporadic cases now and then in this State. So far as can be learned from local physicians here there has been no cases in this county of a pronounced type in recent years. The State Board of Health has notified and warned all the county boards to be on the lookout for the first appearance of this disease. What kind of disease is it? All we know of it is indicated by its name. The editor asked his family physician about it and received the illuminating reply: "It is Antero Polio-Myelitis."

We pass along the definition for the benefit of anxious inquirers.

STEREOTYPED.

If there is anything in confidence, Mr. Slomp is as good as beaten already. We have yet to meet a Democrat from the "fighting Ninth," who will admit for a minute that the Republicans are going to succeed in holding their mountain stronghold against the vigorous and determined assault that will be made on them in November by the untutored Democracy of the Ninth district.—Roanoke Times.

Sounds familiar—we have heard the same sort of talk sometime back.

And now, news reaches the public of another sensation at Falls Mills—a four legged chicken. If the supply is anything like abundant Falls Mills will become famous in future as a Sunday school picnic and Methodist camp meeting town.

The evangelistic services projected and planned by the ministers of the town, the preparatory services of which are already in progress, should result in great good to the community. Tazewell has enjoyed a number of good revivals, conducted by various schools of evangelists, and each of these has been more or less successful. The coming ministrations of Mr. McLees should be of benefit. He is not sensational and the meetings will be in charge almost entirely of the pastors of the town, which fact will bring pastors and people into close touch.

"Our ideals are the same, and we must work together for their realization," wrote Mr. Hughes to a leading Progressive, shortly after the Chicago convention. If the ideals and aims of the Republicans and Progressives are identical, will somebody please explain what they have been fighting each other about for the past five or six years?

THE THINGS THAT COUNT MOST.

(Home and Farm.) One of the most convincing arguments that I have heard in years was presented recently with the text that was emphatic in its declaration that none should expect to "reap where they had not sown, and rather where they had not strewn." It is a startling truth and when we bring this matter home to ourselves there are so many of us who endeavor to do this very thing. We plan and plot to gather abundant crops when we have not prepared and we look forward to a harvest from the seed we have not sown. The farmers, the business men, the professional men, and whoever else may labor daily for their bread, in one way or another, can hardly expect to gather in the things that those who have sown and they can hardly expect to gather where they have not strewn.

While it is good to work and labor, despite everything this effort should be founded on high principle and honest endeavor in order to obtain success which so many of us covet. Some day when the silver cords are at high tension and the golden bowl is near to breaking, we may wake up and realize that there are greater things even than fine farms, beautiful homes and splendid surroundings. We may come to prize the praise of our neighbors as better than great riches, we will come to cherish the lisp of confidence of the child as treasure far beyond the price of rubies, and for this reason it may not be well to put all our thought, time and energy and effort in the material things while we neglect the real things that count—count after the turmoil of time is ended and the toil of eternity is taken.

When the merchant has locked his door for the last time, when the farmer has plowed his last furrow, when the lawyer has ended his final case, and the teacher has taught his last lesson, when the singer has sung his last song and moves a little nearer to the Master of all music, we will begin to place value on things that we perchance consider as of little worth today.

It is these things that take one back to the years gone by as time rolls on, back to the olden, golden days. Yet today is just as glorious as any of the others ever dared to be and tomorrow is more resplendent than any that has yet dawned, if we could only rise to meet the requirements of the hour.

A COLLECTOR OF FRATERNAL TYPES.

Stranger—"Officer, I'm—hie—an Elk, an Eagle, a Buffalo and an Owl." Officer—"I want you; I'm a Barnum, a Forepaugh and a Sells."

Admiral Fletcher, Commander of Biggest Fleet



Photo by American Press Association.
As commander of the Atlantic fleet, the greatest body of American fighting ships, Admiral Frank Friday Fletcher is conspicuous before the American public, who know him as commander of the fleet sent to Vera Cruz.

THE LOGIC OF WILSON.

(The Rev. J. E. Cates in the New York World.)

I believe President Wilson is becoming stronger every day, and that he will be elected by a staggering majority in November. And why should not he be? His presidential career so far gives cause for profound satisfaction to all true republican, democratic Americans. His aim, as he has frequently said, and more frequently shown by his deeds is to be the responsible representative of true Americanism. I cannot imagine Washington, Madison, Jefferson, Lincoln, or even Alexander Hamilton turning in their graves at Wilson's record.

A man of profound learning, of strong will, of elevated tastes and aristocratic environments, Mr. Wilson has deliberately and consistently disengaged himself from himself and has been one of the constitutional "We, the people of the United States."

"I, the Whole Thing," is at present in a condition of inebriated desecration, albeit latent militancy, near shark-infested waters. But Mr. Roosevelt is not as clever a political strategist as formerly. His retreat, "Anything to beat Wilson," is an uncovered highway swept by the batteries of logic, patriotism and just good horse sense. The Progressives have been led to the G. O. P. water trough, but cannot be made to vote for Hughes.

Our great trader's agent, Mr. G. W. Perkins, slipped a cog in making his deal with the Old Guard. Probably by this time that little worker realizes that putting through a banker's scheme and handling a political trade have points of great dissimilarity. A man may command a billion dollars and not be able to control the Progressives, to say nothing about pulling 4,000,000 Bull-Mooseers around by the nose.

"Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter." Fear God and vote for Wilson, for he is a providential man.

LOAFIN' IN THE STABLE.

(Jay B. Iden in Collier's.)

When the days are too wet for plowin', And the clouds are in the sky, You'll be apt to find me loafin' In the stable where it's dry.

In the stable where it's dry, Kinda tink'rin' with the harness, Or abright'nin' up the plows, Or aplannin' out th' stanchions, So they're handier for the cows.

Or may be I'm just aloafin' In a lazy kind of way In the stable loft, adreamin' In the sweet alfalfa hay, And the tinkle, drip and dribble Of the raindrops runnin' down Messy shingles on the gable, Is a mighty soothin' soun'.

Prop myself up by the winder So's to watch the broad expanse Of the corn fields and the meadows Where the raindrops splash and dash;

Watch the wheat fields dip and billow As the breezes come and go, Jest lay back there in the shelter Of the eaves and watch her grow.

ENUMERATING THE IDEALS.

(New York World.)

"We are not divided in our ideals; let us work together to attain them," when Mr. Hughes gave this noble sentiment to such members of the Progressive Party as are favorable to his candidacy he forgot that the ideal which he specially represents in this campaign is availability. Seclusion as a Justice of the Supreme Court during the six years that Republicans were ripping each other up the back is what gave him the nomination.

The more important ideals of Mr. Hughes's party may be set down in regular order thus: 1. Reaction at Washington, including the wiping out of the Federal Reserve Banking and Currency System. Ideal candidate, Elihu Root. 2. Vindication of Victoriano Huerta, involving intervention in Mexico in behalf of big business. Ideal candidate, Henry Lane Wilson. 3. Sympathy with the Kaiser, not

because he is the Kaiser but because in his controversy with the President of the United States over the murderous misuse of submarines he permitted a Democratic Chief Magistrate to win a great diplomatic victory. Ideal candidate Henry Weissmann of the German-American Alliance.

4. Compulsory military service for every able-bodied American, and war with somebody or everybody as soon as possible. Ideal candidate, Theodore Roosevelt.

5. A tariff scientifically rewritten by the attorneys of the various interests to be benefited, with particular attention to the eminent patriots who contribute largely to the party's campaign chest. Ideal candidate, Boies Penrose.

6. Emphatic opposition to hideous doctrine that Americans have inalienable rights to life and property at sea, even though all Europe be at war. Ideal candidates, Joseph G. Cannon and James R. Mann.

7. No man to be appointed a member of the Supreme Court of the United States who cannot get the endorsement of Wall Street, New York, and State Street, Boston. Ideal candidate, William H. Taft.

8. Dollar Diplomacy, with as many dollars as possible and not to much nonsense about diplomacy. Ideal candidate, J. P. Morgan.

9. America First and True Americanism as elucidated and practiced by the German-American Alliance and not by that weak and tawdry imitation, the President of the United States. Ideal candidate Dr. Hexamer.

10. Public office to be conferred exclusively upon Republicans, all Progressives to be classed as Democrats. Ideal candidate, Jacob H. Gallinger.

This leaves nothing much in the way of ideals as the exclusive property of Mr. Hughes except the two little ones which he has announced since his nomination. One of these is the proposition that the indecent prosperity inflicted upon the country by a Democratic Administration is to be ignored because it is only temporary.

The other is that the efficient and hard-working American Ambassadors and Ministers in Europe, being nothing but honest Democrats, ought to be displaced by superior Republican plutocrats at once.

SLEEPING SOUNDLY UNDER WILSON.

(New York World.)

To the Editor of the World: Your cartoon today is admirable. I sincerely compliment you for it. I think that all the fuss about temporary prosperity on the G. O. P. side is to prepare the people for a higher tariff in case the party regains power.

Many friends who are Republicans agree with me that if Wilson were not President they would not feel quite safe about the country keeping always out of war. They do not want war with anybody, especially with Mexico.

They do not deny that even if Wilson goes to war with Mexico they would prefer it to said war being declared by a G. O. P. owned President, because with Wilson such a war will close quickly and most honorably. With the G. O. P. it would close for the interests of the very few concession grabbers to the lasting shame of the United States.

I remember your cartoons of four years ago about the empty dinner pail and I think that some cartoons and editorials this year about sleepless nights, should the G. O. P. regain control of the Government, will prove as useful.

J. E. PICOLTO.

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